

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.
WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1875.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor, JAMES H. McCREARY, of Madison county.
For Lieutenant-Governor, JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, of Warren county.
For Attorney-General, THOMAS E. MOSS, of Madison county.
For Auditor, D. HOWARD SMITH, of Owen county.
For Treasurer, JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin county.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. A. HENDERSON, of Harrison county.
For Register of Land Office, THOMAS D. MARCUM, of Lawrence county.

Resolutions.
We hold it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of the liberties of the citizen, that the several States shall be maintained in all their rights, dignity and equality, as the most complete and reliable administration of their own domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies. Every attempt on the part of the Federal Government to exercise a power not delegated to it in the Constitution, or to exercise a delegated power in any manner not authorized by the Constitution, is an act of usurpation, demanding the instant and unqualified condemnation of a people jealous of their liberties. And we hold that any unconstitutional interference by the Federal Government with the local affairs of any State to any extent or under any pretext whatever should be at once condemned by all classes of every section of the Union, as all such acts tend to the destruction of our Federal system and the consolidation of all power in a centralized despotism.

THE Calhoun Progress man pines for a brand "dancy," or Dantz brandy, he's uncertain which.

THE Leitchfield Herald has a poet whose sweetest feet must "steal and give odors," else we make a poor out at translating this distich:

A blossom that perfumes the free forest air,
Mid the wilds of Kentucky's fair shore.

COL. JOHNSON did not speak at the Hime's Mill barbecue, Saturday. Mr. G. C. WEDDING declared himself a Republican candidate for the Legislature, and an awful dumbness fell on JOHNSON'S mouth like to the silence that seals an oyster's lips.

SOME of our exchanges attach undue importance to the fact that Col. FRED. GRANT has backed out from the Big Horn expedition. There is nothing in it. He only thought that the big horns of his illustrious daddy were enough for any one family.

JUST as we expected, HARLAN declines to continue the joint discussion with McCREARY after their present list of appointments is exhausted. Our "Little Jimmy" has proved himself an overmatch for the Radical Leviathan. Discretion, in this instance, is by far the better part of valor.

WE have heard SAM GOODMAN spoken of as a model landlord; and, if we mistake not, have seen seeds to that effect from our local editor. We now know how it is himself. He is the landlord of the Green River Confederacy. His fare is equal to that of any hotel in Louisville, his rooms are nicely upholstered, and even a Granger can't grumble at his prices.

THE candidates for the Legislature, Messrs. ROWE and HOCKER, have publicly "defined" their positions. Both favor the reduction of the salaries of all officials, "from Governor down." This is unmitigated nonsense. Salaries are not half high enough now to induce first-class legal talent to accept seats upon the judicial bench, which is really the most important office in the State. And then, the salaries of the State officials form but a small item in the budget of expenses. If these gentlemen are really anxious to relieve the poor dear tax-ridden people from the burden of monstrous and unnecessary taxation, let them level the lance of extermination against liquor license. The State realizes not over \$32,000 a year from this covenant with death and league with hell, and expends not less than \$450,000 to punish criminals created by the liquor traffic. There is a tangible and stubborn enemy of the public weal, depleter of the public purse, and breeder of nearly half a million of dollars of unjust taxation. Have these gentlemen the nerve to assault it in behalf of the public good? We shall see. Mr. HOCKER claims that the farmers constitute nine-tenths of the population of the State, and yet own only about one-tenth of its wealth; and jumps to the extraordinary conclusion that "it is the result of bad legislation." That is curious. There is not, and never has been, a statute enacted against the agricultural interests of the people. And if there were, the farmers themselves were their own oppressors, for, during the past twenty years, the farmers in the Legislature have outnumbered those of other callings and professions ten to one. Mr. ROWE, who wants to save at the spigot by the reduction of salaries, wants to knock out the bung with a constitutional convention, which will cost the people several hundred thousand dollars additional taxation, to do work that can be done by the Legislature without the cost of a dollar extra.

MISS FRANKIE STEWART, daughter of Mr. JOHN STEWART, of Owen county, is one of those up-headed, valiant little Kentucky women who eventually become the mothers of heroes. She had fixed her heart on Mr. DICK ANDERSON and matrimony. Her daddy had no fancy for RICHARD as a son-in-law. The young folks planned an elopement for last Sunday. The old man heard of it while on his road to church and turned back to frustrate the proposed hieira of the "sole daughter of his heart and home." He found DICK at the gate with horses, waiting for Miss FRANKIE. The old man met and nabbed her just as she emerged from the house. And they twain wrestled all over the yard, the old gentleman, in his frantic efforts to "hold her back," ridding her of every stitch of clothing except her sh—whatever the women call the garment, when she escaped his clutch and reached her lover. The old man followed, and DICK grabbed and held him while Miss FRANKIE mounted her horse. He then tripped and laid the baffled daddy on his back, and soon, "swift as the winged couriers of the air," the determined lovers were flying over the country towards Owen-ton, where they were married. The preacher says Miss FRANKIE was the prettiest but the thinnest dressed bride he ever saw.

Be Something—Do Something.
BY QUITS.

Don't stand there with your arms folded. Don't stand idly dawdling with your napkin, wrapping and unwrapping your "talent," trying to find out where to bury it, and, like the slothful servant of the parable, getting ready excuses against the day of the Master's coming. Don't bury it. Use it. God will require it of your hands, and with interest, for He has but lent it to you.

Put your "talent" to work. God may have given you more than one, but, if only one, put that out at interest. Do something. Be something. Don't hang around street corners. Keep away from saloons. Don't spend your evenings in smoke-bellied back-rooms, toying with the cards, listening to the clink of the glasses, hearing words and jests that would make you hide your face with shame at the bare thought of repeating them to your mother or sister. Set that glass down. Don't touch it again. For your mother's sake, for your own soul's sake, I appeal to you. Be a man. You can. Raise your right hand and say: "I am, I will, so help me God." Say it in earnest, and every day, morning, noon, and night; say every hour in the day, say softly in your heart: "Lead me not into temptation, for, O Father, I am weak." Say it softly, say it aloud if you like, but say it in earnest, and God will hear the prayer.

Oh! my friend, my brother: tempted, erring, weak as you may have been, there is hope for you yet. Jesus pleads for you. Don't forget that. Don't throw away your power of doing good. God has given it to you. How can you trifle with His gifts? Be a man for the sake of the father whose pride you were: for the sake of the mother you loved and kissed in your boyhood; for the sake of the sister who leans upon you. Be a man, for the sake of the wife and the children who live in your honor or sink in your shame.

There is something grand in you. Give it a chance. You can crush it out, "half dust, half deity" as you are. The coarse, earthly part of your nature, can draw it down, down! Don't let it do it. Be true to yourself. Be a man. Live a noble life, and leave it as a precious legacy to those who love you.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

OUR CANEVILLE LETTER.

CANEVILLE, Ky., June 26.
W. C. TILFORD, junior editor of the Grayson County Herald, retired from that position last week, and the paper is now being published by Mr. Haynes alone. While we regret the loss of Mr. T., we feel confident that the Herald will be none the less spicy and interesting under the supervision of Mr. H., who is a gentleman of journalistic talent.

THE RAIN—THE WET, WET RAIN.
A great amount of rain has fallen in this community in the last few weeks, and tobacco seasons have not been lacking. There is a good crop set in this section, and that the crop will be ten per cent. larger than year before last is the general opinion.

MR. T. A. BROWN, of Louisville, spent a few days in town last week at the residence of G. E. PORTER.

THE PEOPLE'S CONVENTION meets at Leitchfield on Monday for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent Grayson at the next General Assembly of Kentucky.

NOT SO DEAD AS HE WAS.
Samuel Preston, the man who was stabbed at the races Saturday, the 19th inst., and whom your enterprising Spring Lick correspondent reported dead, is recovering from the effects of the wound, and Dr. R. W. BRANDON, the attending physician, says that by skillful treatment he will be out again in a few days.

ANOTHER BARBECUE is spoken of at this place in July.

DE. R. W. BRANDON, of this place, who is a Democratic can-

dilate for the Legislature, is canvassing the county, and meeting with golden encouragement in every quarter. The doctor has made us a good representative once, and it is highly probable that he will do so again, should he continue to be a candidate.

A PAIR OF SOILED DOES.

Barbara Woolen and Mary E. Stover were arrested on Saturday, the 19th inst., for disorderly conduct at the horse-races that day. They were put under guard to await trial the next Monday, and when the time arrived the trial was postponed until the next day. That night the guards fell asleep, and, by the aid of some unprincipled party, the prisoners escaped from the house in which they were guarded. Barbara was recaptured at Stevensburg last Thursday, and brought back here yesterday, and great excitement prevails over the trial, which at this writing is in progress before Esquire Eakridge. We are not the man to sympathize with such characters as she is, nor do we uphold such conduct as she is accused of, but we are the man to cry out "Justice to whom justice is due," and were such the case in this instance the unprincipled rascal of this place who induced her to come here from Elizabethtown, her home, and has since flown from justice, would share a worse fate than this poor, helpless, fallen wreck of woman will perhaps be compelled to suffer.

J. T. N.

FROM CASEY COUNTY.

LIBERTY, Casey Co., Ky., June 20.

DEAR HERALD:—If it is in any manner appropriate—however, we'll not debate that question, for the critic will relieve us of that responsibility—but I'll simply "pitch in" and "drop you a few lines" while on a short visit to our former home, Liberty, Casey county, and this we do on account of our good opinion of you personally, Mr. Editor, and of your paper, which is the light of Ohio, and an enterprise of which we are proud; and for the further reason that we are ever ready to contribute of our gleanings to the solicitors *homo*, and we know there are those in your scope of the moral vineyard who will hail with joy a word, and we were about to say, a face from the county of which we are writing.

To the Senior of the HERALD we beg to communicate the compliment paid him by the citizens of Casey, and especially those of Middleburg and vicinity, both friends and enemies of the Temperance cause, for the earnest, learned, and matter-of-fact appeal while in their midst in 1874. "For the good of the Order," they wish him a long and happy life, and eventually an abundant harvest.

The *vox populi* of old Casey is, "Democracy forever," and they anxiously await the approaching 24th. 'Tis then they hope—no, but could, if the Republican standard-bearers would sing—to hear something more definitely of and concerning the third term, the civil rights bill, amnesty, tariff, &c., &c., all of which trivial matters have been as studiously evaded by their chief pipers here, and everywhere else, that we can hear from, as they were by Gen. Harlan in his opening speech at Hartford, when Col. McCREARY was hurling upon his very vulnerable positions grape and shell, alternately and *ad libitum*. On that day Hon. Thos. E. Moss, Democratic nominee for Attorney General, will address the people in his canvass through this portion of Kentucky. By the way, Hon. E. D. Walker and our correspondent had the pleasure of that honorable gentleman's society from the time we reached the train at Beaver Dam until he left us at Cecilian Junction, for Franklin, Simpson county, the point at which he began the canvass, and we'll undertake to say, and we know whereof we speak, that the Democratic party will not wane or grow lukewarm wherever he goes, for know ye, "brethren" on the other side of the house, that he has the documents, reads the papers, and is armed and equipped as thus saith the law, so that the Hon. Cassius can frame his ideas so as to be contented, at least "spiritually," since "twill be all the same to him whether the river 'raises or rises.' However, no sensible Republican, of course, will have his ardent assuaged by what we write; that would be folly in the superlative degree. Aren't they, every mother's son of them, a child and children of a parent whose name is "Vigilance?" And don't he, she or it (or, you unwashed, who have more interest in the subject than we, give any gender your taste elects, and you'll more than likely hit center, for there's something very dubious somewhere), have sentinels and body-guards, high privates and low privates, committees of hospitality and committees of arrangement and *flap!* Yes, and that, too, here as well as at Hartford; and though their man should fix out in toto, the fugitives, with most approved unanimity, pronounce the whole thing a victory of brains over enthusiasm. Do you suppose Gen. Harlan felt Byronia as he neared the railroad depot and beheld a waiting escort, the day previous to his shooting that no speech into us? Certainly not, because (they say) he's a prosy, matter-of-fact man, yet

"How sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming,
And grow brighter when we come."
'Tis a soul-deep to have one's optics, after a term of months' confinement pouring over documents and comparing the *scripta* and the *lex non scripta*, again dwell upon the beauties of Lincoln, Boyle, Marion, Washington and Nelson counties, as they now are, clothed with verdure in effable, crimped, tasseled, plain, rich, wave-dotted—the home of the gleeful lambkin, the stately ox, and the symmetrical deer. Dear Wallace, inasmuch as you were once a "blue grass" fellow, it may be that were you here more printer's ink would be scattered round, and—well—but, however, we'll modestly (we're proverbial for that virtue) kiss our hand,

look towards Madison, Montgomery, Clark and Fayette, and give it a gentle, tender wave, and remember you as the iron horse pulls us along to the home of our adoption.
F—

LETTER FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, Ky., June 29th, 1875.

Nothing of sufficient consequence has transpired in our little town during the past two weeks to cause any perceptible change in the daily routine of business life.

BEAVER DAM AVOCATIONS.

From "early morn till the shades of eve" a group of men can be heard discussing the merits and demerits of grangerism; a little farther on another can be heard giving their views on the Beecher-Tilton scandal; which, no doubt could that learned jury hear, would cause them to give a verdict of "not guilty," and Beecher would stand before the world as spotless as an innocent babe. The most interesting topic of all however, is the Beaver Dam lottery suit, this has been talked about without cessation fifteen long months, and over seventeen thousand dreams have been given to the public for earnest consideration. The end surely draweth nigh.

DAMAGE TO THE ROAD.

Considerable amount of damage was done to the railroad last Monday night week. The rails and ties were washed away for some distance between the Owensboro Junction and Greenville, which prevented the east-bound trains due here Tuesday morning, from arriving till Wednesday afternoon. We were sorry it happened, as it was considerable expense to the road; and then, the County Judge wanted to leave on Tuesday and had to return home till Wednesday. We were glad to have him with us for one day, however, for it was the first time we have had the chance to get a good look at him since his election.

"RAIN, RAIN, GO TO SPAIN."

We have had rain almost every day for the past ten. Tobacco has been injured some; corn has suffered for work. Wheat and oats have been blown down; the soil has been washed from the high corn ground to the public roads, in some places four feet deep; and on bottom land the water has been standing on corn for several days.

HARVESTING HAS COMMENCED

this week in earnest, and we look for an abundant yield, notwithstanding the heavy rains.

THE CROMWELL BARBECUE.

We all went to the barbecue at Cromwell, last Thursday, and were pleased to notice that a nice orderly crowd were on the grounds all day. Not a drunken man was seen on the grounds, which speaks well for the day, and at which some were surprised, for there was predictions that whisky would be predominant. Quite a number was present, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, considering the warmth of the day. For fear of infringing upon the rights of your local reporter, though, I guess I had better desist; for he was there in all his glory, and from the way he talked to the young ladies one would judge him to be an old widower.

A BEAVER DAM BARBECUE.

Speaking of barbecues reminds me of one on Saturday, July 10th, one is to be given at this place, which every one, far and near, are invited to attend. We will try and make the occasion an enjoyable one, and long to be remembered.

THE "LOST MERCHANT"

will be present, and will recount his perils, hardships and narrow escapes during the last three months. He will, for twenty-five cents, show to the crowd how a Hartford man—with a bald head—rode to a neighboring town with a bottle of whisky in his pocket, and on arriving there, deposited it in a bar-room, and repeatedly through the day carried his friends and sugar, used his own liquor, and while feeling so happy, remarked that the "Lost Merchant" had been found, as the HERALD had ceased to speak of him. That's all.
JUNO.

LETTER FROM TAYLORTOWN.

TAYLORTOWN, June 20.

EDITOR HERALD:—Hoping that you will give this a small space in your excellent paper, which, by the way, is gaining favor every day, I will feel very much honored.

RAIN, WEEDS AND CORN.

To-day the rain is falling gently, and weeds, grass, and corn are growing rapidly. Indeed there seems to be a competition between them, but the competition will not last long unless it ceases raining.

THE TOBACCO CROP.

Farmers in this immediate vicinity have made good use of the protracted season, and are generally doing setting. The large crop set is 15 acres.

THE WHEAT HARVEST.

Wheat is turning to a golden color, and in the ensuing week we shall hear the music created by the reaper whetting his scythe, and our imaginations will picture plates heaped high with beautiful light biscuits, accompanied by a generous supply of yellow butter and plenty of "lases."

A BARGE SUNK.

Quite a serious incident occurred on Green River, about 4 miles below Rochester, on last Tuesday night. As the two-bark, Houston Combs, was bringing a barge from Paradise laden with five thousand bushels of corn and some other freight, she ran her on a snag and sunk her in thirty-seven feet of water. Nothing of any consequence has been recovered yet, except about one thousand bushels of corn. This is a unit for anything only to feed to hogs. Farmers are very busy

hauling it away for that purpose. The corn belonged to the River Company, and was destined for Georgia.

AN IMPENDING DEBATE.

The common subject of consideration among the people of this section of country is the impending debate between Wm. C. Taylor, of the Baptist persuasion, and Elder Price, of the Christian church, to be held at Rochester in October.

H. B. T.

The Masonic Celebration at Cromwell on the 24th.

We attended the Masonic celebration at Cromwell on the 24th inst., and had a good time generally. The crowd in attendance was not a large one, but a very fair turnout, and the day passed off pleasantly and orderly. There was not a drunken man nor a rowdy to be seen, and we heard of no fights or disturbance of any kind on or near the grounds.

A short time before noon the procession formed at the Hall in Cromwell, and marched out to the grove, where a short and practical address, in the shape of an appeal for help for the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home, was delivered by Col. O. P. Johnson, after which they adjourned for dinner.

After dinner, Rev. R. G. Gardner delivered a very able address upon the objects and principles of Masonry. He closed by the following exhortation to the "Brethren of the Mystic Tie":

Brethren, as members of the Order, bound together in the "Mystic Tie," it is assuredly our duty to cultivate each for the other the warmest friendship, the most sincere and unfeigned love, the true charity that is kind, gentle, easy to be entreated, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Never forget, brethren, those solemn ties of brotherly affection that unite us. And let us ever remember the binding obligations we are under to stand by each other, and defend each other in times of danger, to help each other in times of need, and to succor and console each other in times of distress and affliction, and let us ever bear in mind the binding promise we have never to traduce, fault, or slander a brother, by speaking evil of him behind his back or before his face.

There are two things I would especially urge upon your consideration: First, By Divine help, to get rid of our hearts every thing contrary to true masonic charity; the command is: "Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves." "Lay aside all malice and all guile."

Secondly, Avoid as much as possible, seeing what may be considered faults in your brethren, at least, be not too hasty to censure. Remember "it is the lot of poor humanity to err." "To err is human, to forgive is divine." Seeing faults in generally mutual, we see them in our brethren, they see them in us, hence the necessity for mutual forbearance and forgiveness. The Master has said: "By this shall ye know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another."

Finally, brethren, let your light shine; exhibit in your lives, and in your intercourse with each other and with whom you mingle, that charity and those noble traits of character, that should ever be the distinguishing marks of a Free and Accepted Mason.

After Bro. Gardner concluded his address, the candidates for legislative honors addressed the audience, each very briefly.

W. I. ROWE, ESQ.,

came first, and said he had been born and reared in the county, and a great many of those present knew him personally, and he desired to represent them for one term at Frankfort, if they thought him qualified for the position. He favored the calling of a constitutional convention for various reasons, one of which was to have a clause in the constitution to prevent or limit local and municipal taxation for the benefit of railroads or other corporations. He favored the repeal of the conventional interest bill. He favored the reduction of the salaries of all the officers of the State, from Governor down. In concluding he spoke very favorably of his opponent.

MR. R. P. HOCKER,

who then presented himself and addressed the audience. He said he did not presume to become a candidate of his own accord, but he had been called upon by a large and respectable number of his fellow citizens to become a candidate. He had, in deference to their wishes, consented to make the race. He proposed, if elected, to represent the whole people to the best of his ability. He insisted that all classes were interested in having a good, fair and impartial representative, for from the Legislature emanated all the laws for the protection of innocence and virtue and the punishment of vice and crime. He said the farmers composed about nine-tenths of the population of the State, and yet they only owned about one-tenth of the wealth, which he thought was partly due to bad legislation. He opposed high salaries and fees, and claimed that Mr. Rowe had come out on his platform. He did not propose to say that he was qualified to fill the position, but left that question for the people to determine. Mr. Rowe had accused him of excessive youthfulness, but he was old enough to be eligible, and he was decidedly of the opinion that if he ever would have sufficient intelligence he had it now.

We left for home as soon as the speaking was over, but we understand that the ball that night was a very enjoyable affair.

The crops all along the route looked very promising, and many farmers were engaged in harvesting wheat.

LETTER FROM NO. 8.

No. 8, OHIO COUNTY, Ky., June 22.

EDITOR HERALD:—Not seeing anything in your valuable paper from this part of the moral vineyard, I thought it no more than justice that this vicinity should have a notice in the correspondent's column of our county paper.

THE GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

The neighborhood of No. 8 lies contiguous to that of Taylortown, and the lands for farming purposes if not superior, are

fully equal to that of the above-mentioned neighborhood. The river land for corn, and the upland for tobacco, are excelled by none in the county.

WHEAT, CORN, TOBACCO AND OATS.

I suppose, as is usual with young correspondents, a notice of the crops is necessary in order to fill up my letter. Wheat, corn, tobacco and oats are the staple products of our soil. Wheat, a portion of which is harvested, will make an average crop, notwithstanding the severity of the winter. Oats are looking well. Of tobacco and corn much cannot as yet be said, except that a large crop of both has been planted.

DISCOURAGED FARMERS.

The farmers are very much discouraged at the protracted wet weather, and many fear an overflow, as the heaviest rain that has been known for a number of years fell last night and this morning. The low lands are covered with water, and fences are washed down in every direction.

FELIX.

Niagara's Wear and Tear.

N. Y. Herald's Correspondent.

As is well known, the theory is that gradually throughout the long lapse of centuries the fall has by slow degrees worked its way from the opening of the chasm several miles below. If this theory is correct, the upward progress of the fall has been exceedingly slow, for the oldest inhabitant is able to indicate but brief changes in its formation. Careful observers, however, detect an obvious change in the conformation of the Horseshoe Fall. The incessant rush of the mighty cataract has perceptibly deepened the indentation near the American side so that its shape is quite different from what it was a year ago. The great bulk of water flows over this fall and it is quite natural that the wearing away of the edge should be more rapid and perceptible here than at other points. The American Fall does not show as straight a line as heretofore, proving very clearly that time is working its changes here also. Some go so far as to assert that the fall will gradually work its way up to Buffalo, but the possibility of such an event is not very likely to disturb the equanimity of the hotel-keepers or cause any diminution in the value of real estate. There is one positive change that old tourists particularly notice, and that is the absence of the old light-house. No vestige of it remains, and it is a matter of general surprise, considering the fine view obtained from its summit, that a new and more massive and substantial structure is not erected in its place. Of course the necessity of such a tower, as far as sight-seeing is concerned, is obviated to some extent through the elevators enabling visitors to view the falls from the suspension bridge towers; but then the poetic effect is vastly different, for in the latter case one gets only a bird's-eye view of the falls, and in the former one stood on the brink of the awful chasm itself, and could realize more fully its grand and overwhelming sublimity. But the spirit of utilization seems to be a paramount idea at present. During the past winter there has been erected upon the narrow stream, the fall from which was long since christened the "Bride's Veil." The mill runs day and night, and there never is any lack of water. It would not be a thing so much to be wondered at if some enterprising Yankee, imbued with a broader and more comprehensive utilitarian spirit and larger grasp of inventive genius, should turn the whole fall into a gigantic raceway for gigantic mills.

General Fitzhugh Lee is back from Boston. He spoke as follows at Norfolk a few nights since: I come forward, in response to your calls, to thank you for this very flattering reception. I went to Boston as a guest of your own "Artillery Blues," not because I expected to have a pleasant trip and a good time, but I hope for a higher, holier purpose—for the good of our State, our people, and all sections of a common country. Oh! how I wish I had time to tell you of the reception accorded to us by those people of Boston—of the enthusiastic crowds that greeted us upon every occasion—how the streets were lined with people pouring out their welcome to us and bidding us welcome, thrice welcome. I wish I could stop with you long enough to give you some of the many interesting incidents of our trip. How a sightless soldier told me, "General, your boys put my eyes out, but I am glad to see you here in our midst;" how an aged gentleman, grasping both my hands in his, said, "General, I lost two sons in the war—the only two I had—but for public considerations and for the nation's good, I am glad to see you and your people here at this time." How my hand was shaken by people whose overflowing hearts prevented a single word of utterance. Do you know what all this means? It means that at end of the line precisely what the outpouring of your people at this end of the line to meet us upon our return means, viz: That the people of this country have taken this matter of reconstruction out of the hands of the politicians; that the crust which separated them has been broken at last, and the men of the North and South are at last allowed to see each other face to face.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. G. MERRILL. R. J. HART.

MERRILL & HART.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

No. 172 Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

223-4w

the down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:30 a. m. and arrives at

Cecilian Junction at 11:45 a. m.
Grayson Springs at 12:25 p. m.
Leitchfield at 1:00 "
Beaver Dam at 2:50 "
Rockport at 3:50 "
Owensboro Junction at 4:10 "
Greenville at 5:05 "
Nortonville Junction at 5:05 "
Paducah at 9:00 "

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at

Nortonville Junction at 8:05 a. m.
Greenville at 8:55 "
Owensboro Junction at 9:15 "
Rockport at 9:45 "
Beaver Dam at 10:15 "
Leitchfield at 12:10 p. m.
Grayson Springs at 12:25 "
Big Clifty at 12:45 "
Cecilian Junction at 1:45 "
Louisville at 2:05 "

Hartford is connected with the railroad at Beaver Dam by stage line twice a day.

These trains connect with Elkhartstown at Cecilian; with Owensboro at Owensboro Junction; and with Evansville, Henderson and Nashville at Nortonville.

D. F. WATKINS, Superintendent.

Evansville, Owensboro & Nashville.

The Mail and Accommodation trains are run by the following time-table:

worked its way from the opening of the channel several miles below. If this theory be correct, the upward progress of the fall has been exceedingly slow, for the oldest inhabitant is able to indicate but brief changes in its formation. Careful observers, however, detect an obvious change in the conformation of the Horse shoe Fall. The incessant rush of the mighty cataract has perceptibly deepened the indenture near the American side, so that its shape is quite different from what it was a year ago. The great bulk of water flows over this fall and it is quite natural that the wearing away of the edge should be more rapid and perceptible here than at other points. The American Falls do not show as straight a line as hencefore, proving very clearly that time